

## CATARRH ANNOYING-DANGEROUS

Catarrh is usually regarded as nothing more serious than a bad cold or slight inflammation of the inner skin and tissues of the head and throat, when it is, in fact, not only a vexatious and troublesome disease, but a complicated and dangerous one. It is true that Catarrh usually begins with a cold in the head, but when the poisons, which are thrown off through the secretions, find their way into the blood, it becomes a constitutional trouble that affects all parts of the body. It has more annoying and disgusting symptoms than any other disease. There is a sickening and offensive discharge from the nostrils, a constant buzzing noise in the ears, headaches and pains in the eyes are frequent, while filthy, tenacious matter drops back into the throat requiring continual hawking and spitting, and in certain stages of the disease the breath has an odor that is very offensive. Catarrh is worse in Winter, because the cold weather closes the pores and glands, and the poisons and unhealthy vapors which should pass off that way are thrown back on the tender linings and tissues, causing the inflammation which starts the unhealthy secretions to be absorbed by the blood. When the blood becomes diseased with this catarrhal matter all kinds of complications may be looked for. As the blood circulates through the body the foul matter finds its way into the stomach, ruining the digestion and producing chronic Dyspepsia, or Catarrh of the stomach. It also affects the Kidneys, Bladder and other members of the body, while the general health is weakened, appetite lost and the patient feels despondent and half sick all the time. But worst of all, if the trouble is not checked the lungs become diseased from the constant passage of poisoned blood through them, and Catarrh terminates in Consumption, the most fatal of all diseases. You cannot get rid of Catarrh by treating it with sprays, washes, inhalations, etc., because they only reach the membranes and tissues, while the real cause of the trouble is in the blood. These relieve the annoying symptoms for a time, but the poison is all the while getting a stronger hold on the system and when they are left off will manifest itself in worse form than before. S. S. S. is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and when it has cleansed the blood, this pure, rich stream circulates through the body, carrying healthful properties to the diseased parts. Then the inflamed membranes and tissues begin to heal, the discharges cease, the general condition of the system is strengthened, every one of the annoying and disgusting symptoms pass away, and the patient is left in perfect health. S. S. S. is the best remedy for Catarrh. It goes right into the blood and removes all effete matter and catarrhal poison and cures the disease permanently, and at the same time builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. S. S. S. is a purely vegetable remedy—non-injurious to the system and a certain, reliable cure for Catarrh. Catarrh sufferers will find our free consulting department helpful in advising local treatment to be used with S. S. S.

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## The Return of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Sign of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," Etc.



ILLUSTRATED BY F. D. STEELE

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complex case, and, though I could not yet perceive the goal which we would reach, I understood clearly that Holmes expected this grotesque criminal to make an attempt upon the two remaining busts, one of which, I remembered, was at Chiswick. No doubt the object of our journey was to catch him in the very act, and I could not but admire the cunning with which my friend had inserted a wrong clue in the evening paper, so as to give the fellow the idea that he could continue his scheme with impunity. I was not surprised when Holmes suggested that I should take my revolver with me. He had himself picked up the loaded hunting crop, which was his favorite weapon.

A four wheeler was at the door at 11, and in it we drove to a spot at the other side of Hammersmith bridge. Here the cabman was directed to wait. A short walk brought us to a secluded road fringed with pleasant houses, each standing in its own grounds. In the light of a street lamp we read "Laburnum Villa" upon the gatepost of one of them. The occupants had evidently retired to rest, for all was dark save for a faint light over the hall door, which shed a single blurred circle on the garden path. The wooden fence which separated the grounds from the road threw a dense black shadow upon the inner side, and here it was that we crouched.

"I fear that you'll have a long wait," Holmes whispered. "We may think our stars that it is not raining. I don't think we can even venture to smoke to pass the time. However, it's a two to one chance that we get something to pay us for our trouble."

It proved, however, that our vigil was not to be so long as Holmes had led us to fear, and it ended in a very sudden and singular fashion. In an instant, without the least sound to warn us of his coming, the garden gate swung open, and a lithe, dark figure, as swift and active as an ape, rushed up the garden path. We saw it whisk past the light thrown from over the door and disappear against the black shadow of the house. There was a long pause, during which we held our breath, and then a very gentle creaking sound came to our ears. The window was being opened. The noise ceased, and again there was a long silence. The fellow was making his way into the house. We saw the sudden flash of a dark lantern inside the room. What he sought was evidently not there, for again we saw the flash through another blind and then through another.

"Let us get to the open window," we said, and he was climbing out. Lestrade whispered.

But before we could move the man had emerged again. As he came out into the glimmering patch of light we saw that he carried something white under his arm. He looked stealthily all round him. The silence of the deserted street reassured him. Turning his back upon us, he laid down his burden, and the next instant there was the sound of a sharp tap, followed by a clatter and rattle. The man was so intent upon what he was doing that he never heard our steps as we stole across the grass plot. With the bound of a tiger, Holmes was on his back, and an instant later Lestrade and I had him by either wrist and the handcuffs had been fastened. As we turned him over I saw a hideous, sallow face, with writhing, furious features, glaring up at us, and I knew that it was indeed the man of the photograph whom we had secured.

But it was not our prisoner to whom Holmes was giving his attention. Squatted on the doorstep, he was engaged in most carefully examining that which the man had brought from the house. It was a bust of Napoleon, like the one which we had seen that morning, and it had been broken into similar fragments. Carefully Holmes held each separate shard to the light, but in no way did it differ from any other shattered piece of plaster. He had just completed his examination when the hall lights flew up, the door opened and the owner of the house, a jovial, rotund figure in shirt and trousers, presented himself.

"Mr. Josiah Brown, I suppose?" said Holmes.

"Yes, sir; and you, no doubt, are Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" I had the note which you sent by the express messenger, and I did exactly what you told me. We looked every door on the inside and awaited developments. Well, I'm very glad that you have got theascal. I hope, gentlemen, that you will come in and have some refreshment."

However, Lestrade was anxious to get his man into safe quarters, so within a few minutes our cab had been summoned and we were all four upon our way to London. Not a word would our captive say; but he glared at us from the shadow of his matted hair, and once when my hand was within his reach he snapped at it like a hungry wolf. We stayed long enough at the police station to learn that a search of his clothing revealed nothing save a few shillings and a long sheath knife, the handle of which bore copious traces of recent blood.

"That's all right," said Lestrade as we parted. "Hill knows all these gentry, and he will give a name to him."

You'll find that my theory of the Mañá will work out all right. But I'm sure I am exceedingly obliged to you, Mr. Holmes, for the workmanlike way in which you laid hands upon him. I don't quite understand it all yet."

"I fear it is rather too late an hour for explanations," said Holmes. "Besides, there are one or two details which are not finished off, and it is one of those cases which are worth working out to the very end. If you will come round once more to my rooms at 6 o'clock tomorrow I think I shall be able to show you that even now you have not grasped the entire meaning of this business, which presents some features which make it absolutely original in the history of crime. If ever I permit you to chronicle any more of my little problems, Watson, I foresee that you will enliven your pages by an account of the singular adventure of the Napoleonic busts."

When we met again next evening Lestrade was furnished with much information concerning our prisoner. His name, it appeared, was Beppo, second name unknown. He was a well known ne'er-do-well among the Italian colony. He had once been a skillful sculptor, but he had taken to evil courses and had twice already been in jail—once for a petty theft and once, as we had already heard, for stabbing a fellow countryman. He could talk English perfectly well. His reasons for destroying the busts were still unknown, and he refused to answer any questions upon the subject, but the police had discovered that these same busts might very well have been made by his own hands, since he was engaged in this class of work at the establishment of Gelder & Co.

To all this information, much of which we already knew, Holmes listened with polite attention, but I, who knew him so well, could clearly see that his thoughts were elsewhere, and I detected a mixture of mingled uneasiness and expectation beneath that mask which he was wont to assume. At last he started in his chair, and his eyes brightened. There had been a ring at the bell. A minute later we heard steps upon the stairs, and an elderly, red faced man with grizzled side whiskers was ushered in. In his right hand he carried an old fashioned carpetbag, which he placed upon the table.

"Is Mr. Sherlock Holmes here?" My friend bowed and smiled. "Mr. Sandeford of Reading, I suppose?" said he.

"Yes, sir; I fear that I am a little late, but the trains were awkward. You wrote to me about a bust that is in my possession."

"Exactly." "I have your letter here. You said, I desire to possess a copy of Devine's Napoleon and am prepared to pay you £10 for the one which is in your possession. Is that right?"

"Certainly."

"I was very much surprised at your letter, for I could not imagine how you knew that I owned such a thing."

"Of course you must have been surprised, but the explanation is very simple. Mr. Harding of Harding Bros. said that they had sold you their last copy, and he gave me your address."

"Oh, that was it, was it? Did he tell you what I paid for it?"

"No, he did not."

"Well, I am an honest man, though not a very rich one. I only gave 15 shillings for the bust, and I think you ought to know that before I take £10 from you."

"I am sure the scruple does you honor, Mr. Sandeford. But I have named that price, so I intend to stick to it."

"Well, it is very handsome of you, Mr. Holmes. I brought the bust up with me, as you asked me to do. Here it is!" He opened his bag, and at last we saw placed upon our table a complete specimen of that bust which we had already seen more than once in fragments.

Holmes took a paper from his pocket and laid a ten pound note upon the table.

"You will kindly sign that paper, Mr. Sandeford, in the presence of these witnesses. It is simply to say that you transfer every possible right that you ever had in the bust to me. I am a methodical man, you see, and you never know what turn events might take afterward. Thank you, Mr. Sandeford. Here is your money, and I wish you a very good evening."

When our visitor had disappeared Sherlock Holmes' movements were such as to rivet our attention. He began by taking a clean white cloth from a drawer and laying it over the table. Then he placed his newly acquired bust in the center of the cloth. Finally he picked up his hunting crop and struck Napoleon a sharp blow on the top of the head. The figure broke into fragments, and Holmes bent eagerly over the shattered remains. Next instant, with a loud shout of triumph, he held up one splinter, in which a round, dark object was fixed like a plum in a pudding.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "let me introduce you to the famous black pearl of the Borgias."

Lestrade and I sat silent for a moment, and then, with a spontaneous

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impulse, we both broke out clapping, as at the well wrought crisis of a play. A flush of color sprang to Holmes' pale cheeks, and he bowed to us like the master dramatist who receives the homage of his audience. It was at such moments that for an instant he ceased to be a reasoning machine and betrayed his human love for admiration and applause. The same singularly proud and reserved nature which turned away with disdain from popular notoriety was capable of being moved to its depths by spontaneous wonder and praise from a friend.

"Yes, gentlemen," said he, "it is the most famous pearl now existing in the world, and it has been my good fortune, by a connected chain of inductive reasoning, to trace it from the Prince of Colonna's bedroom at the Dacre hotel, where it was lost, to the interior of this, the last of the six busts of Napoleon which were manufactured by Gelder & Co. of Steney. You will remember, Lestrade, the sensation caused by the disappearance of this valuable jewel and the vain efforts of the London police to recover it. I was myself consulted upon the case, but I was unable to throw any light upon it. Suspicion fell upon the maid of the princess, who was an Italian, and it was proved that she had a brother in London, but we failed to trace any connection between them. The maid's name was Lucretia Venucci, and there is no doubt in my mind that this Pietro who was murdered two nights ago was the brother. I have been looking up the dates in the old papers, and I find that the disappearance of the pearl was exactly two days before the arrest of Beppo for some crime of violence—an event which took place in the factory at Gelder & Co. at the very moment when these busts were being made. Now you clearly see the sequence of events, though you see them, of course, in the inverse order to the way in which they presented themselves to me. Beppo had the pearl in his possession. He may have stolen it from Pietro, he may have been Pietro's confederate, he may have been the go-between of Pietro and his sister. It is of no consequence to us which is the correct solution."

"The main fact is that he had the pearl, and at that moment, when it was on his person, he was pursued by the police. He made for the factory, in which he worked, and he knew that he had only a few minutes in which to conceal this enormously valuable prize, which would otherwise be found on him when he was searched. Six plaster casts of Napoleon were drying in the passage. One of them was still soft. In an instant Beppo, a skillful workman, made a small hole in the wet plaster, dropped in the pearl and with a few touches covered over the aperture once more. It was an admirable hiding place. No one could possibly find it. But Beppo was con-

(Continued on Page Eleven)

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